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WHOLE NO. 416.

A LADY'S HAIR.

BY ELLEN KYLE.

O, it cost a hundred dollars,
And was just the sweetest thing;
Perched above a queen of collars,
Tied with vast expanse of string.

And the fringe weighed twenty ounces
Round her mantle short, and cool;
And her silk brocade, with flounces,
Filled the room superbly full.

Dainty gloves, and kerchief bordered,
In her palm-book kept the stops;
All the things she wore were ordered
From the first Parisian shop.

But that hundred dollar bonnet—
That the gem I wished to paint—
Such a shower of things were on it,
Quite enough to craze a saint.

O, I could not bear a word of
What the pious pastor said,
For the shapes and shines unheard of
That were floating round her head.

Bands, and plumes, and flowers and laces,
Fancies more than you could name;
And they say Miss Dorsey's cases
Boast a dozen just the same.

How I wonder who will wear them—
If the pastor seeks to teach
By his texts, he will spare them:
'Tis the milliners that preach.

All our eyes such sights are drinking,
Counting o'er their cost anew;
And we break the Sabbath, thinking,
What if we could wear them too!

SECRET SERVICE;

OR,
THE BROKER'S WARD.

CHAPTER I.

"My God! not a dollar left! My poor
pittance is all gone, and I have not a pen-
ny to pay this bill with," exclaimed Henry
Standish, as he crushed up a bill for
board, which his landlady had just pre-
sented to him.

Throwing himself into a chair, and cov-
ering his face with his hands sat there
weeping like a child.

When the strong man weeps, the heart
is indeed touched. The young man had
been four weeks in Boston in search of em-
ployment. He was a native of a thriving
town in the northern part of the State of
Vermont. Well educated and of good
address, he was qualified for the mercan-
tile business, and had always turned his
attention in that direction.

For several years previous to his de-
parture from home, he had been employ-
ed in a store; but the sphere was too nar-
row for his ambition. He longed for the
excitement of the great metropolis, which
he doubted not would furnish him a field
co-extensive with his capacity and his de-
sires.

With only a small sum of money, for
he doubted not that he could step imme-
diately into some lucrative situation, he
bade adieu to the cherished home of his
childhood, and departed for Boston. Ar-
rived there, he found his prospects not
half so encouraging as he had expected.
He had applied for several situations; but
having neglected to bring with him testi-
monials of character, no one would em-
ploy him in any desirable capacity.

He was sorely disappointed, and not un-
til his scanty means were exhausted did
he awaken to the full sense of his unfor-
tunate position. There seemed to be no al-
ternative before him, but to accept a situ-
ation in some menial capacity, a step at
which his pride revolted.

His landlady had handed him his week-
ly bill for board. It was only five dollars,
but all his money was spent, and that con-
sciousness of his misery went over him
like a dark cloud.

Retiring to his room, he vented his bad
feelings in exclamations of bitter dis-
appointment.

"How now, Standish? What is the
matter?" exclaimed his friendly roommate
as he entered the apartment, and dis-
covered the misery of the disappointed young
man.

Harry raised his head, and thrust for-
ward the bill.

"Fudge! you are not making all this fuss
about that bill, are you?"

"I have not a dollar left."

"Cheer up, man, I will lend you a V,"
said his kind-hearted chum, drawing his
pocket book out, and taking therefrom a
bank bill.

"Nay, nay, Joseph, I cannot take it—I
know not that I shall ever be able to re-
pay you," replied Henry, bitterly.

"Nonsense, Standish; take it, whether
you ever pay me or not."

"I cannot."

"Thunder! you must! you will learn to
borrow money one of these days."

Henry reluctantly took the bill.

"I have news for you—a chance to get
into business."

"Then you have seen Mr. Harding?"—
said Henry, brightening up.

"I have; he says he has something for
you to do. He wishes to see you, and
promised to come here for that purpose."

"To come here."

"No apology, young man; you are not
alone," returned the visitor, glancing at
Henry's chum.

Joseph retired to an adjoining room,
which connected with the one occupied by
himself.

"You want business, young man?"
said the broker, fixing the glance of his
keen grey eye upon Henry.

"I do, sir; I have applied to you for a situ-
ation."

"I do not want a clerk, but I have a ser-
vice of rather a delicate nature, that I
wish performed. You are a good looking
fellow, of easy address—in short, I have
selected you from a thousand, on account
of your prepossessing appearance."

Henry was astonished at this singular
speech of the broker.

"I trust I shall be able to suit you," said
he modestly.

"Exactly so—you will. The service I
require is not a disagreeable task; and
most young men would be glad to do it
without the liberal compensation: I pro-
pose to give you."

"Pray, what is the service?"

"Before I state it, young man, I wish
you to understand that all which passes
between us must be kept inviolably secret."

In a word, you must swear to be silent,
whether you perform the service or not."

Henry hesitated, but he was a beggar,
and beggars are not so apt to hesitate as
those in more comfortable circumstances.

"I promise."

"Promise!—swear."

"I do."

"If you are false to your oath, I'll tear
your heart out!" said the broker in a deep,
fierce tone.

"I would not betray your confidence,"
said Henry.

"Listen to me, then. I am the guar-
dian of a young lady, who by the terms
of her father's will, loses her inheritance
if she marries without my consent—her
estate comes to me. The fall of stocks
has ruined me; I must redeem myself; do
you understand?"

Henry shrunk back in amazement at
the cool villainy which Mr. Harding pro-
posed to perpetrate; but his curiosity was
aroused, and with as much calmness as he
could assume, he expressed his perfect
comprehension of the broker's position.

"You are well formed; the women say
you are handsome," continued the broker
with a sneer. "Nature has admirably
adapted you to execute my purpose; you
must marry the girl."

"Marry her?" exclaimed Henry, in ut-
ter amazement.

"Ah, marry her! She is worth a hun-
dred thousand dollars; I will give you ten
thousand dollars, when you have made her
your wife."

"Will she consent to be my wife?" in-
quired Henry.

"Fool! not unless you play your cards
right. But she is romantic—sentimental—
reads novels by wholesale. I will in-
troduce you as Count Fizzle, or something
of that sort; you must do the rest."

Henry paused to consider. The idea of
becoming a party to such a notorious trans-
action was repugnant to every manly feel-
ing within him. But he had just sworn an
oath which sealed his lips so that he
could not expose the plot, even if he re-
fused to engage in it.

"I will make the attempt," said he, af-
ter a thorough consideration.

"Good, and as I suppose you are not
flush of change, here's a hundred dollars
to fit yourself out with."

The broker handed him the money and
promised to call in the evening and intro-
duce him to the lady.

"That was a precious scheme!" exclaim-
ed Joseph, as he re-entered the room.

"You heard it?"

"Mum, Standish; I am not so nice about
such things as some folks. I congratulate
you on your good fortune, and when you
come in possession, I hope you won't for-
get old friends."

"Certainly I shall not," replied Henry,
relapsing into a reverie.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Harding accompanied Henry to the
residence of his ward, and presented him
as a highly esteemed young friend, for
whom he claimed her special favor.

"Your friends shall always be welcome,
uncle Obed," said she, taking the hand
of Henry.

"Her uncle! great heaven! is it possible
that man can plot the injury of his own
flesh and blood?" thought Henry.

Mr. Harding withdrew after a brief con-
versation, leaving Henry to win his way
to the heart of the heiress.

There was that in the eye of the young
man which was irresistibly attractive to a
young maiden. He was well formed, with
a handsome face, a musical voice, and a
winning manner. Amelia was strongly
prepossessed in his favor from the first
moment she saw him.

Henry, perceiving his advantage, fol-
lowed it up with energy, and ere half the
evening had passed away, had produced
an impression on the heart of the maiden
which fairly opened the way for a con-
quest.

But he could not but reproach himself
for the part he had accepted, and though
he felt that his intentions were good, the
consciousness that he appeared before the
gentle girl in an assumed character, was
any thing but agreeable to his lofty senti-
ment.

Amelia was a beautiful girl, and Henry
felt to be loved by her was to him the de-

light of paradise in the midst of a cold
frowning world. When he departed, his
heart told him that even then he had gone
too far for his own happiness. He had
seen her, and could not resist the desire to
repeat his visit. He went again, and the
effect of the visit was irremediable. She
blushed when he was announced—she
had thought of him in his absence; she
loved him!

Henry continued his visits for several
weeks; he had confessed his love, and re-
ceived a warm pressure of the hand in re-
turn.

"I have deceived you, Amelia," said
Henry, his mind made up to continue no
longer the cruel deception.

"Deceive me, Henry," repeated she,
fixing her large, liquid blue eyes anxiously
upon him.

"I have, dearest; I am a poor, worth-
less man—a beggar."

"Is that all?" You never told me you
were rich," replied Amelia, entirely reliev-
ed to find the deception was so harmless.

In a few words Henry acknowledged
the utter poverty and destitution which
had surrounded him, and gave her the
history of his past life.

"I am glad you are not rich, Henry,"
said she artlessly, when he had finished
his recital; "it is so romantic to marry a
poor man, no noble and gentle as yourself.
I shall have the pleasure of enriching you
now," and she laughed gaily.

"Alas, dearest, I fear you will not even
have that pleasure," returned Henry; and
he narrated the particulars of his first in-
terview with her uncle.

"It is possible that uncle Obed can be so
wicked!" exclaimed she, with unaffected
astonishment; "dear me, how I do pity
him!"

"But, dear Amelia, we must—"

"Part? No."

"Your fortune will be sacrificed."

"Let it go then; and I am heartily ob-
liged to uncle Obed for making choice of
so noble, gallant and handsome a person to
execute his purpose."

"Think what you do, dear Amelia."

"I am satisfied; my decision is made.—
My uncle sent you to me to play the part
of a villain; in the face of strong tempta-
tion, you have done your duty, and be-
haved as a gallant knight. Think you I
cannot appreciate your devotion. I love
you—let the fortune go."

"But I am a beggar."

"Then let me be the wife of a beggar,"
replied she.

Henry folded her in his arms, and im-
printed a tender kiss upon her lips.

"Nay, dearest Amelia, fortune shall yet
redeem us from penury; we shall yet be
happy."

"I have it," and Henry's brow contract-
ed with the weight of a big thought which
had suddenly invaded his brain.

"Have what, dear Henry?"

CHAPTER III.

On the following day, Henry and Ame-
lia left for New York city—for what pur-
pose the imaginative reader can easily di-
vine.

The first intelligence that Mr. Harding
received of the marriage, he obtained from
the newspapers. Hastily leaving the of-
fice, he immediately made his way to the
residence of the heiress, which she occu-
pied with a maiden aunt, as her compan-
ion and housekeeper.

The happy couple were at home and Mr.
Harding was in high glee at the success of
his plan. In his calculating brain, he
commended the diplomatic skill and ener-
gy with which Henry had brought the
transaction to its speedy termination.

Mr. Harding found the happy bridal
party pleasantly disposed in the drawing
room, ready to receive such company as
might honor them. "Appearances must
be saved, and as the servant conducted him
to the presence of the wilful girl, he con-
trived to work himself into a very tolera-
ble passion.

"What does all this mean, Amelia?" ex-
claimed he, in loud, angry and authoritative
tones.

"My husband, uncle Obed," said she,
with charming naivete, as she rose and
went through a mock presentation.

"Your husband, indeed!" sneered the
broker. "If I mistake not, I have not
been consulted in this affair."

"No, uncle, it was my affair."

"I never was more confounded in my
life," counted Mr. Harding, evincing a
well feigned surprise, "than when I read
your marriage in the papers."

"You will be in a moment though,"
thought Joseph Jones, Henry's chum at
the boarding house, who either by acci-
dent or design, was a visitor at the same
time.

"You need not to have been surprised,
uncle, for you well know I am a wild, wil-
ful girl."

"You are well aware of the terms of
your father's will!"

"I am."

"You have sacrificed your fortune; of
course you never expected me to consent
to your union with a beggar."

"You ought not to have brought him
here then, uncle."

"What do you mean, girl?"

"Nothing, uncle Obed; but you will not
be so cruel as to deprive me of my inheri-
tance!" said Amelia, looking mischiev-
ously at him.

"Shall I put it in your hands for this
gentleman to run through? No, I will
make over to him the sum of ten thou-

sand dollars. The provisions of the will
shall be strictly enforced."

"So far, so good; but Mr. Harding, I
shall claim the residue of her fortune,"
said Henry, who had been only a listener.

"Sir, you?"

"Sir, I," replied Henry, putting a bold
face upon the matter.

"By what right will you claim it?" asked
the broker, exasperated by the impu-
dence of his tool.

"As this lady's husband, of course,"
coolly replied Henry.

"The terms of the will," sneered Mr.
Harding, "she could not marry without
my consent."

"It is false!"

"Did you not actually engage me to
marry this lady?"

The broker's cheek paled, and his lip
quivered.

"No!" thundered he. "It's a lie."

"I have proof," said Henry, quietly.

Mr. Harding staggered back, complet-
ely overwhelmed by the consequence of his
villany.

"I heard the whole of it—ready to
swear in court, if need be," added Joseph
Jones.

The broker was frightened at the idea
of a court.

"We shall meet!" said he glancing
sneeringly at Henry.

"Let us hope that we may not meet in
yonder prison," said Henry, sternly.—
"The plan you had formed," and nar-
rated to me, sir, was infamous beyond ex-
pression. If I had refused to become
your confederate, another less scrupulous
might have engaged in it, and this lady
had been sacrificed by your rascality. I
came with the intention of exposing all;
but her fair form and gentle heart so
strongly impressed me, that I was weak
enough to use the advantage with which
you had armed me. At another time I
did expose the whole scheme; your niece
married me in my own proper character,
and not as your esteemed friend. If I
have wronged her, God forgive me!"

"That was the happiest day of my life
when you brought Henry Standish to my
presence, uncle," added Amelia laughing
heartily.

The broker waited to hear no more.—
He had overreached himself, to punish
the violated oath. In due time he reluc-
tantly put Henry in possession of Amelia's
fortune, and they are now as happy as love
and opulence can make them.

Joseph Jones has received that V with
interest, and never has had occasion to re-
gret that he befriended Henry in the hour
of his need.

Some oaths are better broken than kept.

COCHIN CHINAS.

A LONDON STORY.

"Rara avis in terris."

"Oh, Willie dear, before you go, I want
a favor."

"Well, what is it now?" said Willie in
a gruff good-tempered sort way, as if he
was rather used to hearing of these "favors."

Willie was an *officier de Dragons*, six foot
three, with a great yellow, well twisted
moustache, and looking altogether just
what he was—"a swell," and a gentle
man.

"What is it now?" asked Willie.

"Oh, please then, don't be angry, but
I've heard to much about them—and be-
fore you leave town, I should like it if
you could get them in town, I know; and
I only want one, just one—you know."

"No, I don't know, you know—come out
with it, Polly—what is it?"

"Well then—here *whisper*—I want a
Cochin China, please, Sir."

Willie's weakness was a little, round-
figured, light haired, laughter loving
beauty whose great point was to go with
the fashion just as far as she could go.—
Gustavus Brooke, the Aztec, and the
Cochin Chinas, all came in for a turn sooner
or later—and Willie, glad perhaps to get
out so cheap, swore "by Jove! she should
have the best chicken in London."

Willie went on to his club, where he
dropped at once on the man who knows
everything, from what Lord Aberdeen is
going to do, down to what will really be
John Scott's nag for the Derby. There
was one or two kept at most of the clubs in
town, little or great.

"Ah, I say, Smith, how are you? I
want to buy a—Cochin China. Can you
tell me where I can get him?"

"Of course I can, my dear fellow," says
Smith, blighted; "Anderson for horses,
you know."

"Ah—yes."

"Gunter for ices."

"Ah!"

"And Bailey for chickens."

"Oh—ah! thank'ee. Where is he to be
found?"

"Close by here—Mount-street; your
cab will take you there in two minutes."

And to Mount-street Willie went, where
he repeated his wants to Mr. Bailey in pro-
pria persona.

"Certainly sir; will you walk this way,
and allow me to show some of my stock?"

"Well, no, thank'ee! I don't know much
about them myself; I'd rather leave it to
you, but I want a good one, you know—
one to the best, you know."

"Yes sir, certainly."

"And send it to Thingammy Cottages,
Alpha Road, will you? and I'll settle with
you when I came back to town."

"If you please, ma'am, the mah has
brought the fowl—such a big one! and
please, where shall I put it?"

"Where shall you put it?—why where
you always do, you silly girl—in one of
your panties, of course."

"But it's alive, ma'am."

"Dear me, how stupid of the people!—
but isn't the gardener here to-day? Well,
get him to kill it, for I shall want it, for
I should like to give her a treat."

"Yes, ma'am."

When Willie got back home again, the
day after the dinner, matters evidently
were not quite "to rights." Polly was
half sulky—"he had disappointed her—
hadn't done as he promised."

"But how?"

"Why, that horrid Cochin China—such
a skinny, lanky, stringy thing, they could
not eat a bit of it."

"Why, hang the fellow!" said Willie,
"I ordered the best in London."

"Well, you only look at it then; I have
kept it on purpose for you to see."

And Willie, on inspection, was fain to
confess that he was "a leggy beggar, and
a good deal over-trained," and so went on
Mr. Bailey in a frame of mind accord-
ingly.

"I say, you know, I ordered a Cochin
China fowl from here the other day."

"Yes, sir—certainly."

"And, don't you know, I told you to
send a good one, you know—one of the
best sort."

"Yes, sir; I remember it perfectly—
and the bird was sent as you wished to—"

"Ah—yes—but it wasn't a good one."

"Indeed, sir, I am sorry to hear that—
I only know it was one of the best of my
birds. Where may the fault be?"

"Well, he was fat you know."

"Perhaps not fat, sir," said Mr. Bailey
with a deprecatory smile; "in very fair
condition though, I'm sure. Anything
more serious than that, sir, may I ask?"

"Yes, there was—he was tough, sir,
infernal tough!"

"Tough!" echoed the guardsman—
"they could hardly eat a bit of him—
Why the deuce didn't you send a good
one, as I told you?"

"Sir," said Mr. Bailey, in a slow em-
phatic tone of voice, "I am very sorry
there should be any mistake; but I did
send a good one—a deal too good I'm
afraid for your purpose. The bird I sent
was one of the best bred in England—
He was got by Patriarch, dam by Jerry
—great grandam the Yellow Shanghai—
great, great—"

"Oh, d—n that!" interrupted the dra-
goon—"what's that got to do with it?"

"Just this, sir: six weeks ago I gave
sixteen guineas for him at the hammer,
and he is entered to you at two-and-twenty."

"It was rather an expensive feed, you
know," said Willie, as he commented
over the story; "and by Jove! if Madam
goes on in this way, I shouldn't be at all
surprised if I have to give two or three
thousand for a Durham shorn, to get her
a bit of beef for a Christmas dinner."

Vote for Him.

Lewis, the fun-loving editor of the "N.
M. Union," says an exchange, is a candi-
date for the legislature. In the last num-
ber of his paper he published a circular
to the fellow-citizens of eight columns—
Whereupon he says:—

"It may be asked why I write so long
a circular. An anecdote will illustrate
my answer. Once upon a time an old la-
dy sent her grandson out to set a turkey.
On his return, the following dialogue took
place:

"Sammy, have you set her?"